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The Russian Revolution.

A Review and a Retrospect.

Compiled by J. A. D., W. H. J. B. S.

At this stage, when the proletarian — working class — industrial Revolution has reached its apex, and that no force inside Russia can overthrow it, it will be interesting to socialist and others to go back to the beginning of the Russian Revolution. The Bolsheviks have been in power since the 25th of October, 1917. The new Russian Republic has been established. The new Russian Republic has been established. The new Russian Republic has been established.

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In order to continue the war it was necessary to mobilise the reservists over a widely extended area of the country, which favored the revolutionary outbreaks of the exasperated people. These circumstances favored the work of the real revolutionists, and they obtained quicker and more complete results than had been hoped for. The autocracy was in a vicious circle, either it must conclude a humiliating peace with Japan or be crushed by the revolution at home. The success imposed upon the revolutionary organisations the necessity to work with more union and energy than ever, in order to hasten developments and force a decision as soon as possible, to put an end to the insupportable misery of the situation. After the events of 22nd January, 1905—Bloody Sunday—the revolutionists had no course open to them but to incite to revolt, to the greatest extent possible, and throughout the Russian Em-

pire, the masses of workers, who were only waiting for an opportunity to revenge themselves for the acts of violence on Vladimir's Day, which were as cowardly as they were inhuman. The first sign of an agrarian revolt which would join the mighty movement of worker and strikers, was seen as a direct consequence of the bloody prelude in St. Petersburg, and every thought that right then the autocratic Czar was condemned to be Nicholas the Last.

The rebellion came to a head on October, 1905, in a general strike which paralysed completely the whole government, civil and economic life of the country. The strike proved an effective weapon. The Czar issued a manifesto granting a Parliament or Duma. For a moment it seemed that the struggle between Czarism and Democracy was at an end, and that the people would now enjoy liberty. And perhaps it would have been so had the leaders of the revolt seized and taken over the Government immediately. But this they failed to do. In spite of the old Biblical saying, "Put not your trust in Princes," they trusted Nicholas's promises, thereby launching the nation in one of the bloodiest periods of its history.

As soon as the reactionaries surrounding the Czar realised that the revolution had left them still in power, they engineered a tide of reaction which bathed Russia in blood and woe. The same tactics of despots were seen once more; putting into practice Caesar's motto, "Divide, to conquer," the autocracy, immediately after the conclusion of the general strike, incited the slum elements and the unthinking labourers, all brute strength and stupidity, and drunken backed by the police and troops, started to massacre Jews and intellectuals. The whole nation was convulsed by hundreds of such massacres. Punitive expeditions were despatched to the sections where the revolutionary movement had been strongest. A reign of terror set in. Thousands of citizens were executed without trial; hundreds of thousands were arrested, tortured in prisons, and exiled to Siberia. The autocracy once more had the upper hand, and all revolts such as the Moscow rising of December, 1905, were frustrated promptly and savagely.

"Democracy was dead," said the people, and they bowed their heads to tyranny. But the heart of the Revolution still burned with the spirit of Victor Hugo, who in the early eighties wrote:—

"We are in Russia. The Neva is frozen. Heavy carriages roll upon its surface. They improvise a city. They lay out streets. They build houses. They buy. They sell. They laugh. They dance. They permit themselves anything. They even light fires on its water to become granite. There is winter, there is ice, and they shall last forever. A gleam pale and wan spreads over the sky, and one would say that the sun is dead. But no, thou art not dead, O Liberty! At an hour when they have most profoundly forgotten thee; at a moment when they least expect thee, thou shalt arise, O dazzling sight! Thou shalt shoot thy bright and burning rays, thy heat, thy life, on all this mass of ice become hideous and dead.

Do you hear that dull thud? That crackling, deep and dreadful? 'Tis the Neva tearing loose. You said it was granite. See, it splits like glass. 'Tis the breaking of the ice I tell you. 'Tis the water alive, joyous and terrible. Progress recommences. 'Tis humanity again

Is the Capitalist Necessary Now?

BY THE STUDENT.

Many ask this question in all sincerity. They appreciate the teachings of Socialism, but they are not certain that we are right.

This is the reason that we teach economics. By economics everything becomes clear and plain.

Some think that economics are hard to understand, but it is quite simple and easy to follow if we remember that society has not always been the same as it is to-day, and that the system of production is constantly on the change.

The system does not alter all at once, or the whole at once, small production evolves into great production, and small production continues alongside great production.

In earlier simple production of commodities, the worker owned his tools, with which he produced some special kind of commodity. Some were weavers, some were tanners, some were bakers, millers, candlestick makers, or joiners, etc., etc. The workers' wants then, as now, were manifold, and to supply himself with what he needed, he exchanged his special product, value for value, with his various equals. In this exchange, money plays only a fleeting role of serving as a measure of equivalence to make easy the exchange of one product for various other products of different quantities, as required at various times by the worker.

Really it was his own particular product that circulated the direct substance of social alimination and distasteful exchange. The underlying principle of such system of production was production for the purpose of consumption. Its formula was C—M—C. Commodity—Money—Commodity.

The essence of the circulation was C—M—C. Commodity—Money—Commodity.

When a weaver, say, had realised the money value of his linen, he started some of the money travelling along the line of his fellow workers. It first reached the butcher, then the baker, then the candlestick maker, and before long, not on account of anything uncompleted in his previous transaction, but for the purpose of effecting a similar exchange with a fresh lot of linen.

The capitalist mode of production, on the other hand, substitutes for the pre-capitalist formula given above C—M—C, the (abbreviated) formula M—C—M—Money—Commodity—Money.

Money, after describing a circle, returns to its starting point augmented by profit. Capitalist circulation begins with money, production is for the purpose of profit, and ends with more money.

Its essence is M—M—Money—More money, which is in fact the formula of loan capital in its modest 5 or 6 per cent. sort of way.

C—C represents different qualities.

beginning its march. 'Tis the river which retakes its course, uproots, mangles, strikes together, crushes and drowns not only the Empire of the upstart Czar Nicholas, but all the relics of ancient and modern despotism. That thistle work floating away. It is the Throne. That other trestle? It is the scaffold. That old book half sunk? It is the old code of capitalist laws and morals. That old rookery just sinking? It is a tenement house in which wage slaves lived. See all these pass by; immense, engulfing. For this supreme victory of life over death what has been the power necessary? One of thy looks, O Sun!

One stroke of thy strong arm, O Labor!

(To be Continued)

equal quantity.

M—M represents identical qualities, unequal quantity.

Profit is revealed as the sole motive of capitalist production.

Money was a fleeting medium in C—M—C.

Alas! that the commodity cannot be made equally fleeting in M—C—M.

The ideal is M—M, and from its standpoint production is merely an unavoidable evil. And it is this ideal—Money—More money—that at one time or another has inspired every capitalistic nation and started it on a course of mad speculation.

However, the capitalistic class has almost overcome this unavoidable evil by the development of the company, trust, and large corporation.

Whereas in the early days of capitalist production, the individual capitalist performed a conspicuous function in the system of production by his personal command of labor, that service is now delegated to salaried managers, superintendents, engineers, accountants, etc., employees of the corporation or company. The shareholders, for the greater portion, do not as much as attend the annual meeting for the election of directors, as can be seen at any annual meeting of the big industrial companies in Australia, where, although the shareholders may run into hundreds or more, only a dozen or two shareholders turn up at the meeting—the rest contenting themselves with depositing in their banks the dividend cheques received by post.

The capitalist is not now necessary to production.

This is by no means the first time in history that economic evolution deprived an originally useful ruling class of its social function. The early feudal lord performed a social service in donning his armour to defend his territory and its population. But his descendants were relieved of this hardship and instead of armour donned velvet coats and silken breeches to attend court functions, none the less maintaining their claim to tithes on the means of production. The French Revolution ended the purely parasitic existence of this class.

History repeats itself; not very different in their aimless parasitic existence are the social idlers who are known as "society," at Potts Point and Toorak. These parasites living on the results of the toil of the workers in mines, mill factories, farm and station—results robbed from them and upheld by the State merely because these social parasites hold printed bits of paper called stocks and shares.

When the workers are organised industrially the purely parasitic existence of this class will be ended.

The private ownership of the means of production cannot be allowed to continue. That a few should live in paupered luxury, while workers go short and their wives and children live in squalid surroundings and poorly clothed and underfed, is a condition that must be altered.

The law of value is as valid as the law of gravitation. That all value is the result of labor.

A great opponent of Socialism, before he would admit that the law of value is true asked himself: "What does Socialism stand to gain from such an assumption?"

The answer so staggered him that he saw the existence of his class was in danger. This is the answer to that question.

If the law of value is true, then all accumulated capital is an accumulation of unpaid labor, then all profit is but realised exploitation, then the character and meaning of wage slavery is fully explained. Then the injustice of the capitalist mode of production is so palpable and so appalling that the abolition of private ownership of means of production is a moral necessity.

Workers, we can do without the capitalist, and WILL do without him as soon as the working class make up their mind to chuck him off their backs.

Workers, it is up to you!



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of the last issue to be posted will be indicated.Can We do Without
Them?

By J. A. D.

Many doubting Thomases there are still amongst us. They seem to take a doleful pleasure in telling us that Socialism is all right—"only, you know, it's impossible." If you point to Russia, where the Revolution has overthrown the capitalistic political state and brought the Industrial Republic of Labor into existence, these Jeremiahs tell us that we must wait and see if it's true—the press are such liars. And they generally wind up with the same old assertion: "We can't do without the capitalist. The capitalist lives on labor, but labor lives on the capitalist!"

Ye gods! Are we such craven curs that we cannot see beyond our own individual job? Because, as an individual, we have to beg the leave to toil to earn food and shelter, that we may have bodily strength with which to toil to earn food and shelter. Sounds like the old rhyme, "a mother was chasing her boy round the room." And while she was chasing her boy round the room, she was chasing her boy round the room."

Yes, workers, you go round in a vicious circle—you can't see beyond the job, and you think the job depends on the boss.

O, my job,
My God, my job,
My Saviour thou.

Workers, although humanity cannot exist without work, it IS POSSIBLE to own and control your job, and chuck off the parasites who now live without working.

Wake up! Cast off your doubts, and resolve to follow the example of our comrades in Russia, and **Lock Out the Masters.** Lock them out of industry until they agree to come back as fellow workers, and not as blood-sucking, youth-despoiling parasites!

Let us answer the question at the heading of this article with a mighty YES.

Let us organise in factory, field, mine and workshop into one solid body of the working class, to take and hold the tools of production for our own use.

The working class has all the muscle that does the work in production. Managers and foremen are just wage slaves like yourself. The brains that supervise industry are of the working class.

Let us own our jobs. It can be done.

Let us organise Industrially and speed the Revolution.

The Revolution is coming. It cannot be delayed any longer.

Europe is seething. We in Australia are but a mere handful compared with the millions in the Old World.

When the Revolution comes, industry

The Shirking of Motherhood.

The Cause and Cure.

BY MARCIA.

In the issue of the "Sun" published Feb. 24, 1918, an article appeared, concerning the restriction of families.

A renewed interest in this much discussed problem has been aroused by the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Brisbane, Dr. Duhig.

Dr. Duhig referred to the restriction of families thus:—

"To seek to regulate the number of one's family after marriage is a sad desecration of a sacrament so holy that it represents the union of Christ and His Church. But the supreme horror is the ignoring of the right of the unborn child to its life. And yet that right is ignored and violated with a freedom and callousness that are truly appalling. Means to attain this base and wicked purpose are, it is said, openly traded in, and men are even found who are only too willing to barter the good name of an honorable profession for the sake of the gain to be made by co-operating in this crime against God and the nation."

The writer of the article goes on to say that the problem "fairly bristles with difficulties, religious, ethical, economic, and political."

The fact that so many of our class are coming, and have come, to realise "the misery, poverty and hardships of rearing a large family under existing conditions, and in consequence are, by different means, limiting their families, is undoubtedly a menace and a serious problem to the capitalist class.

Now, more than ever it is necessary from their point of view, for the population to increase, millions of workers have been killed and maimed, and they must have others growing up to take their place. Thus we see various ways are being tried to induce women to become breeding machines, and bring as many extra prospective wage slaves as possible into this world.

On stage, screen, in newspapers and magazine articles the joys and delights of motherhood, the advantages of it, and, above all, the sin and iniquity of attempting in any way to hinder the family from increasing as quickly as it will.

It is just as well to try these ways, for as the writer of the aforementioned article admits, that although they deplore the state of affairs, "clergymen and legislators alike are, for the most part, disposed to avoid where they can, any pub-

will have to be organised. Why not start in right now?

In the new society, political government as we know it to-day will be a thing of the past. We will have an Industrial Council composed of delegates from industry—not professional windbags, as in parliament to-day, elected from geographical constituencies, who do not represent industry.

Come workers, fall into line and start that Industrial Council straight away!

Organise the local unions of your industry. Organise the Departments of the One Great Industrial Union. Have every wage worker organised through the length and breadth of the land into the local unit of the One Great Union and OWN YOUR JOB.

If you have lost all ambition and desire for yourself, pull yourself together and regain your manhood; think of your wife and little ones. Life means something to them, anyway.

Now, workers, it is up to you! We can do without 'em.

We can do without the capitalist just as easy as we can do without bed bugs.

But it is the working class who has got to scotch them.

The emancipation of the workers must be the class conscious act of the working class itself.

lic discussion of it."

Naturally they do, for surely no one had so poor a case.

It is somewhat crushing to dilate with passionate fervor on the delight of parentage, the blessing of children, the great need for workers to develop "God's own country," and our Empire's call for future soldiers to defend its shores; and then be told that these children need food and shelter; that at present starving families take their daily bread from garbage bins, and that a short while ago a collection was taken in the streets to relieve the distress of women and children then famishing for food in Sydney.

These conditions prevailing then make it absolutely criminal for parents to bring numbers of children into existence. It is quite easy to prate of parental love; it exists, and because it exists, men and women are denying themselves the joy of parentage.

The heart of a man or woman who truly loves children, is too tender to see their off-spring live among misery and poverty; they cannot bear to hear piteous cries for bread, to see cold and shivering infants go to school in ragged insufficient clothing, and torn and broken boots. What mother or father can bear to hear their child in days to come demand from them,

"Why did you bring me into the world, and for what?"

For years and years the working class unquestioningly lay passive under the iron heel of capitalism, uncomplainingly they bore their wrongs, and because the church decided that it was immoral to limit their families, they never attempted to do so, and a large number of babies was the rule; but things have altered somewhat; at last the people are being forced by economic necessity and regardless of the church and its ethic morality, are refusing point blank to become mere machines for filling up the ranks of the working class. Consequently, the problem is becoming serious, and the capitalist class are getting worried.

They have tried different methods, such as the Baby Bonus, then this great new child welfare scheme, they have censored any publication, which deals with family limitation, or even tends to enlighten or educate on the subject of child bearing, etc. They have tried to show methods whereby child birth may become painless. They have, by means of their tools, the clergy, showed the "crime and immorality" of birth restriction; but they, so far, have met with no success.

Are not all these attempts insults to the womanhood of society? Does anyone suppose for an instant that women want to be paid for bearing children; are they so cowardly to dread a little pain? A thousand times no! Archbishop Duhig calls it a "crime against God and the nation." Surely a greater crime to beget children into gulf of vice, misery, prostitution, and crime; and parents are refusing to do it, and will go on refusing; and if the capitalist class forbids publication of educational matter on the subject, matter which would point out clean, healthy and wholesome methods, ignorance will only cause more disease and death among women who risk their lives rather than have children.

Dr. Arthur has stated the cause of this reluctance to beget children, and hits the point exactly when he says:—

"Our basic living wage is fixed upon the postulate that the Australian family shall consist of two children, and two only. If a man and his wife, under present conditions, dare to indulge in the luxury of a family of more than two while they are in receipt of the basic living wage, they have to look forward to subjecting both themselves and their existing children to conditions of life below the barest and meanest standard of living in Australia. What wonder then, that men and women should more and more come to a deliberate restriction of the family, since it is only by so doing that they can get a little comfort and enjoyment out of life, and can see their existing

GET READY.

Hear a word, a word in season, for the day is drawing nigh,
When the Cause shall call upon us, some to live and some to die.
He that dies shall not die lonely, many a one hath gone before,
He that lives shall bear no burden heavier than the life they bore.
Nothing ancient is their story, e'en but yesterday they bled,
Youngest they of earth's beloved, last of all the valiant dead.

In the grave where tyrants thrust them, lies their labour and their pain,
But undying from their sorrow, springeth up the hope again.
Mourn not, therefore, nor lament it, that the world outlives their life;
Voice and wisdom yet they give us, making strong our hands for strife.
Some had name and fame and honour, learned the well and wise and strong;
Some were nameless, poor, undeterred, weak in all but grief and wrong.

Named and nameless all live in us; one and all they lead us yet,
Every pain to count for nothing, every sorrow to forget.
Hearken how they cry, "O happy, happy yet that ye were born
"In the sad slow night's departing, in the rising of the morn."
"Fair the crown the Cause hath for you, well to die or well to live;
"Through the battle, though the tangle, peace to guide us, peace to give!"

Al, it may be! Yet miserably in the days that yet shall be,
When no slave or gold abideth 'twixt the breadth of sea to sea,
Oh, when men and maidens merry, ere the sunlight leaves the earth,
And they, bless the day beloved all too short for all their mirth,
Some shall pause awhile and ponder on the bitter days of old,
Ere the toil and strife of battle overturew the curse of gold.

Then 'twixt lips of loved and lover solemn thoughts of us shall be;
We who once were fools and dreamers, then shall be the brave and wise.
There amidst the world new builded shall our earthly deeds abide,
Though our names be all forgotten, and the tale of how we died,
Life or death then, who shall heed it, what we gain or what we lose?
Fair lies life amid the struggle, and the Cause for each shall choose.

—Wm. Morris.

children properly provided for?"

But naturally his remedy offered is merely a reform, and consequently of no benefit to us.

He suggests a scheme whereby parents of small families, married people who are childless, and bachelors should be taxed heavily to provide a fund from which to subsidise those parents who have large families.

Why should it be so? Such a scheme is simply an added burden on the backs of the workers. The only solution of the problem is the one offered by the revolutionary Socialists, and has been reiterated by us times without number.

While the present system continues, it will become harder than ever for the people to live, and in consequence harder than ever to rear families. Only when the workers organise to overthrow capitalism, to take possession of the tools of production and produce for use not profit, will that and all other social problems be solved.

When that day dawns and the productions of the world are in the hands of the workers of the world, the future of our children will be assured, and they will be nourished and housed according to their parents' wishes.

Under Dr. Arthur's scheme, no doubt the nourishment considered necessary for subsistence will be in the hands of a committee headed by himself. If his ideas of diet are unchanged since last year, we don't think much of them, and can emphatically affirm that a Socialist system would be far better.

Organise, then, men and women, and speed the day of its fulfilment.

Scabs and Scabs.

BY WOODICUS.

Four teams of horses stood idle in a small narrow street off Flinders street in Melbourne; both the horses and drivers were eating their midday meal. Three of the drivers, Scotty, Mick and Swaggy Bill, sat together in the shade of one of the lorries.

The day being Thursday, the day before pay day, and six days from last pay day, and all being married men, the family exchequer was low, consequently bread and jam was the chief viand of the meal; the bread had become dry and unpalatable through the fierce rays of the summer sun, which had turned the butter to rancid grease, while the newspapers in which the food had been wrapped had reprinted itself on the bread, giving to the food the smell generally found in a printing office, and giving it a peculiar unpleasant taste.

The men eat their food without complaint, for such food was their daily fare, with the exception of Saturday and Sunday; on these days the men and their families lived in comparative luxury.

But as the days in each week passed the standard of living gradually fell like a barometer, from Sunday's dinners, comprising a cheap roast and a pudding, the maximum to the minimum of bread, butter and jam on Wednesdays.

Now, men who lump bags of coal from lorries up steep planks and often up several flights of stairs, cannot be said to have very dainty occupations, and as the occupation determines the character of the man these men were not encumbered with any delicacy of taste in either food, language or pleasure.

The fourth driver, known by the name of Measles, sat apart from the other drivers because of his history. He was a scab, in other words a social pariah, an outcast from his fellow workmen who disclaimed to speak to him or acknowledge his existence.

Swaggy Bill termed him an inert, spineless mass of protoplasm masquerading as a man.

Measles was the last of a band of scabs that had been employed during the strike of 1917. All the other scabs had been coerced, discharged, or had voluntarily left the stable.

Measles reflected on his blighted ambition as he chewed his food. He had scabbed with the intention of ingratiating himself with the firm, and by such means rise to the position of foreman, drive around in a pony and jinker, giving orders to other men. He thought of the days of the strike when a policeman rode on the lorry seat beside him; the day's work was then free and easy; the boss shook hands every morning, and shouted drinks for the scabs when they knocked off work in the evening, called each by his Christian name.

But now, the boss never spoke to Measles except to find fault with his work.

During the strike the scabs only took two loads a day. Since the return to work of the union drivers, four loads was the number taken.

During the strike Measles knocked off still quite fresh at the end of each day; but now his clothes were wet with perspiration, he was fagged and depressed. Whenever he walked along the quiet back streets to and from his work he feared the eyes, tongues and fists of his neighbours, for they loathed a scab.

The union drivers would have liked to call Measles a scab when he was present, as they did in his absence; they were deterred from doing so by the possible consequences of the law, which protected men of the type of Measles from injury or slander. Several nicknames, such as Zam Buk and Leprosy had been suggested and debated as appellations appropriate to the man's character; until Scotty, the wit of the stable, insisted upon the name Measles. "You see, it is like this," said Scotty. "This bloke has got a face all red and pimples like a kid with the measles, and we can say should anyone say anything, that we are alluding to his face, and not to his character."

Every man employed in the stable detested Measles, and declared war upon him, and each and all advertised him as being a scab to every unionist whom they met, and when unloading coal sometimes carried two bags of coal to every one carried by Measles. This was one of their methods of showing contempt for a scab.

Measles was the topic of discussion at dinner time, for he and his type was a problem to be solved, a problem causing many arguments.

"I reckon," said Mick; "we ought to get some scheme to get rid of that scabby cow of a Measles."

"I reckon, so, too," said Scotty; "I worked once in a quarry where there was a scab we used to get him holding the drill. We would hit the drill on the head all right for a while, and then all of a sudden we would miss it, and hit him on the hand. We would apologise and make it appear an accident. Just imagine what it is to like to get a crack on the hand with a six pound hammer. I can tell you it's no joke. Well, that bloke's hands were soon like a butcher's shop. He would have to lay off for a few days each time he got a hit. When his hand got well the ganger would give him a fresh mate; but it made no difference, the hammer would suddenly miss the drill. Well, he must have taken a tumble to our game, for he cleared out. But I reckon his hands would not be much more good for work. We ought to work something like that with Measles just to spite the bosses. We ought to get even with them somehow. I suppose they celebrated their strike victory with a champagne supper."

"I suppose they did," said Bill.

"They get the champagne, we suffer the real pain. The pain of defeat. But I think we should take the scabs into the union; we have got to carry them in any case, so we might just as well let them join up and get their money to fight the boss."

"If yer take such vermin into the union as the likes of Measles, I'm getting out," said Mick, with an oath. "And take it from me, so is a lot more getting out."

"How the hell can he become a unionist? He ain't got no principles," continued Mick, jerking his thumb towards Measles. "Do you mean to tell me the likes of him has any principles, taking the bread and butter out of the mouths of my wife and kiddies; when me and them are fighting and starving to gain better conditions, to live as human beings should live. Not to-night, Josephine, for mine."

"Anyone who says we ought to have scabs in the union is mad."

"Yes, retorted Bill, "there are a lot of us mad." For three months we starved ourselves to get the right to live, and a system of society which causes such is not and never can become sane. He who contends it is sane is not himself sane. I have not, and I will not, shoulder a rifle to defend a system of insanity."

As Swaggy Bill spoke he glanced significantly at the returned soldiers' badge which Mick was wearing.

"I believe if we had the One Big Union with scabs and all in it, then things would go some," said Scotty.

"Not necessarily so," replied Bill.

"What we require is not the organising of the workers into One Big Union alone, but what is really essential is to end slavery, is a change in the mental outlook and attitude of the people where capitalism is concerned."

"It is possible to be industrially organised, and at the same time remain reactionary. What is desired is that the people shall make up their minds to abolish capitalism; private control of industry."

"Struth! aint yer been preaching the One Big Union everywhere, and now yer going back on it." "Oh no I'm not; I still believe in the One Big Union. The One Big Union is the method of destroy-

in capitalism, the desire is of first importance, the method is secondary. When the people have the desire they will discover the method."

"Well, do you know what I would do?" said Mick. "I would put a plank in the Labor Party's platform to make scabbing illegal. Make it pretty stiff for the man who scabs, give him ten years in Pentridge. That would teach him better. Don't vote for any politician unless he is in favour of making scabbing illegal."

"But Bill don't believe in voting," said Scotty.

"I don't believe in listening to a lot of thin air pumped from the chests of politicians, then going to the ballot box to vote for the man who has talked the most. Voting for politicians is like a ticket in Tatt's; you might win, and you might not, generally the latter. After voting for our man, the man who'll do wonders, we go to sleep, and he also goes to sleep. But he wakes up first, and then raises us; we discover we have been scambulists for three years; for three years we have suffered a nightmare. The politician has dreamed, and we have dreamed. His dream has been a scheme to increase his cash returns for doing nothing. He pours forth a pitiful tale of what he might have done only the other fellow wouldn't let him. Well, we rub our eyes and find we are not in heaven; the world has grown older and harder; we have grown thinner. Our political Messiah has grown fat, has failed to deliver us from bondage; so with self pity he implores us to go to the ballot box, smooth again his velvet couch that he may sleep once more while we are being spurred to do our master's biddings. That is the sort of politics to which I'm opposed."

"Yes, Parliament ain't much good to the working man," said Scotty.

"Parliament will be all right when the working man makes up his mind to use Parliament. So far he has only let Parliament use him," Bill replied. "The working man has made the mistake of thinking that when a person changes his name, that his principles also undergo a change. When a politician changes the brand of his political goods, from Liberal to Labor, he does not concern himself about the emancipation of the working class, his aim is to emancipate himself. The politician cannot be blamed for doing as he does do. The working class have so far no desire to be emancipated. So why should the politician be blamed for not giving the workers what the workers do not want. In fact many people protest against being given what they don't want; they think it an infliction, a violation of their right to choose for themselves." Bill was becoming sarcastic in his manner of speech.

"When the working class get the capitalist on the ropes, cornered, ready to give the knock out blow that will send him to the boards for all time, the capitalist will fight dirty. He will have the ferocity of a tiger, and be ready to deliver a foul blow below the belt, then the aid of the politician can be utilised. You see the politician is really an umpire between capital and labor. So if the working class have the umpire on their side during the last round, they will have a better chance of victory."

"Jesus! It is a quarter past one," said Scotty. "We will have to work like blazes to make up the time we have lost. A man forgets things when he is arguing. Of course, that mangy mongrel of a Measles would sit there all day if we did not move."

Scotty was haunted with a vision of dismissal. So he seized his horse's nose bags, jumped on the lorry, and drove away ahead of the others.

Now Mick had been in the lead all the morning with his team. He cursed when he now saw Scotty ahead of him, and became determined to regain the lead. So he galloped his team furiously after Scotty. Scotty began belaboring his horses with the whip when he noticed Mick approaching. Thus a feud developed between the two drivers for the rest of the afternoon. They worked at their topmost speed, one trying to maintain the position he had usurped, the other trying to regain his former place.

Bill tried to persuade them to go slower, but it was of no avail; one was determined to show the other he was as good a worker as his opponent.

So for supremacy they fought and they worked, saying not a word one to the other.

AGREEMENTS.

Mr. Hagelthorn speaking in the Legislative Assembly last week on the proposal of the Victorian Government to reduce from £200,000 to £100,000, the amount set aside by the Peacock Government to cover increases in wages granted to railway men by the classification board, said: "A definite pledge had been given, and the proposal to disavow that obligation and to cut the amount in half, was one of the most dishonorable political acts that the Liberal Government had ever been guilty of. . . . The late Government had managed strikes with a measure of success. The railway men of Victoria had, during the recent strike, behaved admirably. They had carried black coal, and black wheat, and had conveyed volunteer laborers to another state. They had, in fact, done all things that their union rules said they should not do, and because they had done their duty towards the Government, they were deserving of commendation."

But capitalistic governments do not honor agreements unless they are forced to. Over and over again, it has been proved that they regard compromise on the part of the working class, as a sign of weakness, and later on invariably rub in the dirt and put in the boot. When will the workers learn that only a union based on a clear class-conscious basis, one that refuses to compromise, a union that takes the stand that "the working class and the employing class have nothing in common," only such a union can get them the goods. For their scabby tactics against other members of the working class, the Victorian railway men have now to complain of the Government's "shameless breach of faith with the railway organisations." Verily the punishment fits the crime.

J. A. D.

"THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST."

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er.

"I'll teach the cow to show me a point. I would smack him in the jaw as soon as look at him. He will only get the same money as I will on pay day. If I was a single man I would not work with the crawling cow."

Such is a sample of the abuse they uttered when Bill tried to remonstrate with one or the other of them.

Bill and Measles were compelled to keep up a similar pace because on this depended the security of their jobs.

At four o'clock in the afternoon they had finished an amount of work which on ordinary occasions took them until the close of the day, 5.30, to accomplish.

"Well, what are we going to do now? It is too early to knock off."

"Get another load," said Mick, looking contemptuously at Scotty.

"That's right, spoil the job. If you get another load now the boss will expect you to do that every day."

"Of course he will," said Bill, in corroboration of Scotty.

"I am not particular, I am still fresh; I am going for another load; you blokes can do what you like," replied Mick.

"Well, we will all have to get one if you do," said Scotty.

"Speak without me," said Measles; "I am going to knock off, someone else can have my team to-morrow. I am leaving to-night. Look here, I am a scab I know, but I am not a fool. I don't believe in doing two days' work in one." He wheeled his team around in the direction of the stables.

As the other three galloped back for another load, Bill remarked to himself, "Those who scab on a scab are the greatest of scabs."

The Chartist Movement

ORIGIN, AIMS AND CLOSE.

I am not going to deal now with the Radical movement, 1816 to 1830, nor with the preparations of the Whigs and Radicals for a bloody revolution in June, 1832, to coerce the Lords, when Birmingham was to organise 100,000 armed men, of whom General Napier was to be asked to take the command, had not the Lords given way; nor with the great Orange conspiracy of 1835-6, when the Tory Party prepared for one to prevent the daughter of the Duke of Kent coming to the throne, when they had hundreds of thousands of armed men, with the Bishop of Salisbury as Grand Chaplain of the Insurgent Army—but come at once to the Chartist movement.

It was a period of great movements both political and social. Even in the Radical movement men would walk 20, or 30, or even 40 miles to attend a demonstration. There were plenty of enthusiasm, devotion and energy among the workers. There were also good men among the classes: the House of Commons contained some. In June 1836 was formed the "London Working Men's Association." It soon became very powerful, and in June, 1837, a meeting of several M.P.'s with representatives of the Workmen's Association took place at the British Coffee House, with the following result:

Proposed by Dan O'Connell, M.P., and seconded by Ch. Hindley, M.P.: "That we agree to support and vote for a Bill or Bills to be brought into the House of Commons, embodying the principles of universal suffrage, equal representation, free selection of representatives without reference to property, the ballot, and short parliaments of fixed duration, not to exceed three years."

Proposed by Dan O'Connell, and seconded by Ch. Hindley: "That we agree to support and vote for a Bill or Bills to be brought into the House of Commons for such a reform of the House of Lords, as would make it responsible to the people."

Another resolution, proposed by Dan O'Connell, M.P., and seconded by S. Crawford, M.P., appointing as the general committee:—

Dan O'Connell, M.P., John A. Roebuck, M.P., J. Temple Leader, Esq., Ch. Hindley, M.P., T. P. Thompson, M.P., W. S. Crawford, M.P., Henry Hetherington, John Cleave, Richard Moore, James Watson, William Lovett, Henry Vincent.

The movement was at once commenced. The Act, as prepared, provided for the just representation of the people of Great Britain and Ireland in the Commons House of Parliament, embracing the principles of universal suffrage, no property qualification, annual parliaments, payment of members, equal representation, and vote by ballot. On August 6 a monster meeting was held on New Hall Hill, at which the six points of the Act were adopted. At this time O'Connor joined the movement. Meetings now began to be held all over the country, many dissenting ministers taking an active part. In March, 1839, these and others were very active in the midland counties. On the first and subsequent Sundays in April, large gatherings took place in South Leicestershire, addressed by ministers of the name of Simmons, etc. It was at one of these gatherings, on the second Sunday in April, at which I was appointed secretary for South Leicestershire, which position I held till the close of 1849. On the other hand, many of the Catholic priests condemned the movement, Father Proctor, of St. Peter's, Finchley, being especially violent, and threatened every member of his congregation, who attended a Chartist meeting.

The work went on all over the midland and northern counties. Petitions were signed at every meeting, and by house-to-house canvassers. On September, 1839, a meeting was held at Palace Yard, London, the High Bailiff of Westminster in the chair. The meeting adopted the People's Charter and the Petition to Parliament.

Soon after it was decided to hold a

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LECTURE EVERY SUNDAY EVENING

THE RUSSIAN ASSOCIATION.

369 Pitt St., Sydney,
Feb., 1918.

The following resolution was carried at a meeting of the Russian Society held at Sydney, on the 16th February, 1918.

We assembled Russian citizens residing in Australia, emphatically protest against the action of the Commonwealth Government, in attempting to stifle our voices, by suppressing our paper and otherwise interfering with our rights as citizens.

We regard the refusal of the Government to recognise our delegates, and also Citizen Peter Simonoff, as the official representative of the New Russian Industrial Democracy, as an action tending to create grave discontent and trouble between our Society and the Australian Government. The action of refusing to recognise the official documents signed by the ex Consul General for Australia (Citizen Peter Simonoff) has deprived many Russians who desire to return to their native land, the opportunity of doing so.

We resolve, as free citizens of the Russian Industrial Democracy to resist by every means, any attempt made by an autocratic Australian Government to interfere with our rights, and we demand that the Government immediately recognise our passports, and facilitate the return of any Russian to Russia if he so desires.

Representative of the Russian Association in N.S.Wales.

YANOB GUNN.

"General Convention" of the working classes, and to present the National Petition. Demonstrations took place at which delegates were elected by show of hands. At Birmingham over 200,000 assembled, at Glasgow at last 200,000; at Kersal Moor not less than 450,000, men walking 40 and even 50 miles to attend the demonstration. The Convention at the British Coffee House, London, February, 1840, 450 delegates being present representing about 3,000,000 men.

On June 13 Thos. Attwood, M.P., took charge of the petition signed by 1,280,000 men. It was laid on the table of the House, June 14. The House voted on it July 12: Against it, 235; for it, 46. The movement went on, both in London and the provinces, extending largely in Scotland.

I am writing a history of the movement, but may just state that among the bitterest opponents of Chartism were the great bulk of the members of the Anti-Corn War League.

I come now to 1848. During 1847 it was evident there were great European struggles at hand. No one could mistake the signs of the times. The Jesuit conspiracy against Switzerland, with a large French army placed at their disposal; the successful revolution in Switzerland, the commercial panic then raging, and the general feeling of uncertainty everywhere prevailing, all indicated the coming storm. By the close of 1847, active work for organisation was going on in all parts of England and Scotland. The organisation was to be for action, not for talking; for deeds more than for words.

With the first week in January, 1848, the people in North Italy arose, and after five days' fighting at Milan drove out the finest army that Austria had. The whole continent soon followed.

From the first week in January, 1848, the whole of the organisations of Leicester, Nottingham and Derby counties agreed to act together. There were to be county delegate meetings each month and a three-county delegate meeting when necessary. For Leicester county a sub-committee of three was appointed to prepare for contingencies: Joseph Elliott for Leicester, Seevington for Loughborough and the north of the county, myself for Hinckley and the south. Within three weeks we had not far from £1800 at our disposal. In the county we had over 5000 active members. In Leicester, we soon had 300 young men, 18 to 25, well provided for, and over 1500 others also equally ready. We had the military out, over 200 strong. There were 1500 special constables sworn in. We had a regiment of infantry over 200 strong, but every man but one of the rank and file belonged to us and sent in their contributions every Sunday morning. And their drill sergeants drilled our men every other night. They also helped us in many other ways. By our organisation, without any noise or previous warning, within thirty minutes we could bring 1500 or 1600 men together at any point in Leicester. Every branch throughout the

The Australian Socialist Party.

PRINCIPLES AND POLICY.

Objective.

The Social ownership and control of the means of production and distribution.

Statement of Principles.

The present form of Society rests on private ownership of the land and the machinery (tools) of production.

The owners of most of the land and machinery of production constitute what is economically known as the capitalist class. Hence the use of the term, "The capitalist form of society."

This form of ownership divides society in all countries into two distinct and opposing classes—the capitalist class and the working class.

The working class produces all the wealth of society, whilst it only receives sufficient to enable it to carry on production (i.e. a living wage). The rest of the wealth is appropriated by the capitalist class, and is known as surplus value.

Thus a conflict of interests is set up over the division of this wealth, each class striving to obtain possession of a greater portion. This conflict of interests begets a never-ceasing struggle known as the class war, some section or other of the working class being ever engaged in actual conflict.

Political Action and the State.

The struggle forces the workers to organise in the industrial field. But this organisation inevitably produces political consequences.

The State, that combination of legal, judicial and coercive forces, which is directed by parliament (the executive of the capitalist system), is the weapon with which the capitalist class defeats the workers on the industrial field. Finding themselves in conflict with the State, the workers are forced to find political expression for their economic organisations.

Inasmuch as industrial action produces its political reflex, the A.S.P. recognises the use of revolutionary political action on the above basis, as distinct from the palliative-mongering parliamentarism of non-revolutionary parties, to be essential to the complete overthrow of the capitalist system.

Political action then is only of value to the working class, so far as it truly reflects its organised industrial power.

county was organised in the same manner.

In March, 1848, another Convention was called, which met in London, and made all necessary arrangements for a national movement. It prepared an appeal to the people everywhere to rise on the second Monday in April. The address was to appear on the front page of the "Northern Star," to be printed in red. The Convention then dispersed, each delegate going to his own district, Ernest Jones and others being retained in London.

When the "Star" appeared on Saturday, April 8, 1848, instead of the Convention's appeal there was a long letter from O'Connor condemning the movement. All was now confusion and uncertainty. All the leading men were arrested. The troops in many parts, knowing it was a revolution and not a mere riot that was intended, like those at Leicester, had openly joined the movement. Several regiments were sent as condemned regiments to Bermuda or elsewhere. The movement lingered on till the end of 1849, but it never rallied to any extent.

The "Northern Star" was the pro-claimant leaders, also Feargus O'Connor's, had been clear that he wished the movement to become more O'Connorish than Chartist. It was another example of the danger of leaving too much power in the hands of one man. A great deal more might be said as to the closing incidents of 1848 and of the social and economic measures advocated in connection with the Charter—the nationalisation of the land, the currency, organisation of credit.—But space does not permit.—Chapter (4) of "Political and Social Movement."

J. SKETCHLEY.

It may be of interest to readers to know that when George Jacob Holyoake at a meeting of the N.D. League, London, in September, 1903, in referring to the part played in the Chartist movement by certain leaders, also Feargus O'Connor's, which same is condemned by Historian Sketchley.

Holyoake said this:—"How can I speak of lost Chartists with dishonor, and accuse a certain one of taking Tory money. George Julian Harney, Bronterre O'Brien, Joseph Rayner Stephens, Henry Hetherington, Ernest Jones, George Odger, and Feargus O'Connor were all of them friends of mine all their days. They were all brave men; they fought on the side of the people. They held the fort in their day to the best of their judgment. Let us not forget what we owe to them. If we think that we are wiser than they, we owe it to having the advantage of the knowledge of the experience gained in the fight for political and social rights."

In passing, it may be remarked that Feargus O'Connor died a raving madman in an asylum, as is fully stated in the standard history of the Chartist movement, by Dr. Bannage, procurable at the Public Library, Sydney.—Ed. "Int. Soc."

TO UNATTACHED SUPPORTERS

Whosoever you are, if you believe in Scientific Socialism, you must recognise the need for organisation. Why not set a good example to the workers whom you come in contact with, and whom we know you try to educate, by joining up with the A.S.P.

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